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JOHN FOX, THE MARTYROLOGIST.

## JOHN FOX, THE MARTYROLOGIST.

THE great work by which the above name has become celebrated, is the *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, otherwise called the *Book of Martyrs*, a book more generally known and read by our countrymen in former days, than at present. It was, by order of Queen Elizabeth, placed in the halls of archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and heads of colleges; and was locked upon by persons of all classes with a feeling of profound veneration. The first edition appeared in 1563, in one thick folio volume, which was afterwards enlarged, first, to two, and at length to three goodly folios, embracing a history of the Church, from the earliest times, and in every part of the world. A copy of this may now occasionally be seen, with ponderous oak binding, enormous page, black type, and rude, though expressive, wood-cuts. These cuts are said to have been executed under Fox's direction, and to contain faithful portraits of the principal martyrs and their persecutors. A republication, which was the ninth, took place in 1684, when the nation was ruled by a Roman Catholic king, and was justly under great apprehensions of the prevalence of popery. The last-mentioned edition, instead of wood-engravings, contains copper-plate prints, in which the likenesses of the persons have not been preserved. At present the entire work is seldom met with except in large libraries; while its frequent occurrence in an abridged and altered form, elsewhere, is a proof of its popularity: and as it is thought desirable that the plain facts which it discloses should not be concealed from the view of the British public, an arrangement is in progress for printing it afresh.

Some account of an author whose important and elaborate composition continues to excite a deep interest in the minds of its readers, may properly claim a place in the *Saturday Magazine*.

JOHN FOX was born of worthy parents at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1517,—the year, it has been remarked, in which Luther began to denounce the errors of the Romish Church. Having lost his father early in life, the charge of his education devolved upon his father-in-law, who took care of him until he was sixteen. He was then placed at Brazen-nose College, Oxford, where he made a rapid progress in learning, and was chamber-fellow with Nowell, afterwards dean of St. Paul's, thus establishing an acquaintance which proved, no doubt, of mutual benefit to both the students. At the university, Fox was distinguished for his assiduity, joined to great talents: in 1537, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and a few years afterwards entered into holy orders. Before he was thirty, he is reported to have read all the Greek and Latin fathers, the schoolmen, and the histories and decrees of councils, and to have closely examined the subject of the Reformation, which at that time engaged the attention of Churchmen. "Industrious and painful," he acquired a character for extensive learning, and is said never to have departed from that meekness of deportment which is so becoming in all, and especially in a minister of Christ.

Though originally entered at Brazen-nose, he had been elected a fellow of Magdalen, where, by his close and retired habits of study, involving frequent absence from the College chapel, the rites of which were performed according to the Roman Catholic Church, he became such an object of suspicion and dislike, in those troublous times, as to be obliged to leave Oxford. Forsaken by his former friends, and even by his father-in-law, who availed himself of this season of desertion to withhold from him his paternal

estate, Fox found an asylum in Warwickshire, in the house of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, as tutor to his children; and having, while there, married the daughter of a citizen of Coventry, he went to live with her family.

In a memoir of his life, written by his eldest son, Samuel, and prefixed to his great work, we are informed that, after having passed some time thus obscurely, he made his way to London, a place calculated either for concealment and quiet, or for the display of superior genius. Another reason may have influenced him in this movement to the metropolis. Religion at that juncture, namely, a few years before the death of Henry the Eighth, appeared to be recovering itself. The king had removed papists from authority in the state, and placed his hopeful son Edward under the care of persons who appeared to him well fitted for forming the mind and views of the future sovereign, and whose fidelity and affection he knew he could trust. An extraordinary circumstance, or, as it is called in the original history, "a marvellous accident," now occurred to our author, whose poverty, notwithstanding the improvement in the prospect of public affairs, was extreme.

"As Master Fox one day sat in Paul's Church, spent with long fasting, his countenance thin, and eyes hollow, after the ghastly manner of dying men, every one shunning a spectacle of so much horror, there came to him one, whom he never remembered to have seen before, who, sitting by him and saluting him with much familiarity, thrust an untold sum of money into his hand, bidding him be of good cheer, and go and make much of himself, and take all occasions to prolong his life: In the mean time let him know that within a few days new hopes were at hand, and a more certain condition of livelihood."

Never did Fox learn who this timely benefactor could be, who not only relieved him in his utmost need, but actually proved a true herald of better days. It may have been a person who knew his wants and merits, and, with a desire to aid and encourage him, naturally suggested more cheering prospects; or, as is more probable, it was some one commissioned by the noble family who were at hand, to employ and support him.

Soon after this remarkable interview, we find him engaged by the Duchess of Richmond, as tutor to the children of her nephew, the elegant and accomplished Earl of Surrey, in whose family, then living at Reigate, he continued to reside during the latter part of Henry's reign, the whole of Edward's, and part of Mary's. In the earlier period of the latter persecuting reign, he published some powerful attacks on Romanism, and was, meanwhile, protected by one of his pupils, then Duke of Norfolk, a Roman Catholic. But even this high influence did not avail him fully against the fierce attempts of the popish Bishop Gardiner, who knew the strength of his opponent, and who, at last, though failing in any darker object, succeeded in forcing him to retire to the continent. It must ever be, among sincere Protestants, a subject of gratitude to God, that so able and bold a champion of true religion as was John Fox should have escaped the devouring flames which were then ready to be kindled for him; and that, while the gaols of the kingdom were crowded with innocent victims, he should have been reserved to tell the world, in a language that cannot be mistaken, the melancholy story of their sufferings and death.

Having fled the country, in company with his wife, Fox travelled to Antwerp, and afterwards to Frankfurt. At the latter place, in the course of his preaching, he held forth expectations of better days for England; and proceeded from thence to Basle, in Switzerland, where he gained a livelihood by cor-

recting the press for an eminent printer. At Basle he conceived the plan of his grand work, *The Acts and Monuments*, executing some part at once, but reserving the larger portion till his return home. The completion of it took him eleven years, at the end of which time he had become so emaciated by excessive toil, spent upon this one object, that his friends could scarcely recognise him. He had, notwithstanding, numerous assistants;—among others, Dr. Grindal, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who, whilst an exile for his religion, established a correspondence in England for this purpose, and received accounts of most of the acts and sufferings of the martyrs in Queen Mary's reign.

It is said, that owing to Grindal's strict regard to truth, the publication of the work was, from time to time, delayed,—all reports which were viewed as common or doubtful being rejected. Fox is not, indeed, always a safe guide in the ecclesiastical antiquities of the primitive Church; but we have the explicit testimony not merely of Burnet, but of the laborious and impartial Strype, and many others, to his fidelity with regard to our domestic transactions.

The effect of his book in promoting, or rather confirming, the principles of the Reformation, to which we owe all that distinguishes us as a nation, is universally acknowledged. It is a work of stupendous labour and information, which the Romanists, indeed, may be excused for depreciating, as it tended so considerably to expose the persecuting spirit of popery, which has suffered little diminution even to the present day, and to consolidate the Protestant establishment. All the endeavours of the popish writers, however, from Harpsfield to Milner, have failed to prove, and it never will be proved, that John Fox is not one of the most faithful and authentic of all historians. The researches and discoveries of later times, in regard to historical documents, have only contributed to place the general fidelity and truth of Fox's narrative on a rock which cannot be shaken\*.

Little more remains to be told of our author. In the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, which may be considered as a new era in the religious history of this kingdom, he returned to England, and was presented with a stall in Durham Cathedral: this, however, he did not long retain. Through the kindness of his tried friend, the Duke of Norfolk, he obtained a prebendal stall at Salisbury: other preferments would have awaited him, and, most probably and deservedly, a mitre, had he not, in consequence, it would appear, of opinions imbibed abroad, objected to certain ceremonies of the Church, and declined subscribing to the canons. But though thus far a Nonconformist, Fox was a moderate one, and always blamed those factious Puritans who were so eager to take offence at the established ritual, and so violently outrageous against the bishops.

He was conspicuous for humility, general benevolence, and generosity to the poor; and if warmth of temper, approaching occasionally to bitterness, be alleged against him, as displayed in some parts of his writings, let it be remembered, exiled as he was by an intolerant party on account of his faith, how deeply he must have sympathized with such sufferers as Bishop Hooper, Rogers, Rowland Taylor, of Hadley, Laurence Saunders, John Bradford, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer! not to mention a host of others less distinguished, to the amount of about two hundred and eighty persons, who, in Mary's short and disastrous reign, were treated as heretics, and burnt alive;—

\* See the Preface to Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*.

..... Whose blood was shed

In confirmation of the noblest claim,—  
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
To walk with God, and be divinely free,  
To soar, and to anticipate the skies!

John Fox died in London, on the 18th of April, 1587, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate,—the parish of which the celebrated Dr. Lancelot Andrewes was then vicar. On the wall, on the south side of the communion-table of this ancient and interesting church\*, may be seen a white marble tablet, with a Latin inscription, to the memory of the Martyrologist, erected by his son, Samuel. The lower portion, on which is recorded that son's grief at the loss he had sustained, is unfortunately concealed by wood-work; but though hidden, apparently, for a long period, it might, probably, without much difficulty be brought to light.

The following simple extract, copied, letter for letter, from the original Register of "Burials," preserved in the vestry, may be interesting to our readers:—April, 1587. *John ffox householder preacher... the 20th.*  
M.

\* It escaped the great fire, and contains monuments, not only of Fox, but of MILTON, and John Speed, the historian, who were buried there: in this church, also, Oliver Cromwell was married.

### FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH the cultivation of friendship is not made the subject of precept, it is left to grow up of itself under the general culture of reason and religion; it is one of the fairest productions of the human soil, the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys: the source equally of animation and of repose. He who is destitute of this blessing, amidst the greatest crowd and pressure of society, is doomed to solitude: and however surrounded with flatterers and admirers, however armed with power, and rich in the endowments of nature and of fortune, has no resting-place. The most elevated station in life affords no exemption from those agitations and disquietudes which can only be laid to rest upon the bosom of a friend. The sympathies even of virtuous minds, when not warmed by the breath of friendship, are too faint and cold to satisfy the social cravings of our nature: their compassion is too much dissipated by the multiplicity of its objects, and the varieties of distress, to suffer it to flow long in one channel: while the sentiments of congratulation are still more slight and superficial. A transient tear of pity, or a smile of complacency equally transient, is all we can usually bestow on the scenes of happiness or of misery which we meet with in the paths of life.

But man naturally seeks for a closer union, a more permanent conjunction of interest, a more intense reciprocation of feeling,—he finds the want of one or more with whom he can intrust the secrets of his heart, and relieve himself by imparting the interior joys and sorrows with which every breast is fraught. He seeks, in short, another self, a kindred spirit, whose interest in his welfare bears some proportion to his own, with whom he may lessen his cares by sympathy, and multiply his pleasures by participation.—ROBERT HALL.

WHOEVER sincerely endeavours to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.—MISS ROWDLER.

RELIGION enables the mind to resign with calmness, and to suffer without complaining; yet, at the same time, leaves it to the exercise of faith and humility, by cheering it rather with future hopes, than blunting the edge of present feeling.—CARTER.



## NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

## No. VII.

BEFORE we proceed to describe the mechanical agency employed on a newspaper, we may devote a few more words to the subject of parliamentary reporting. In all cases of heavy and prolonged debates, the newspaper-reporters do not attempt to give the entire speeches of each or any of the members: to print the *substance* of what is spoken, is all that can be accomplished. Great tact is, however, generally shown in devoting the larger space to the orations of the leaders on each side of the house; while the remarks of those who offer little novelty in their observations, are compressed within a few lines.

The method pursued is this: each reporter has a certain space of time (generally less than an hour) appointed for him to take notes; he is then relieved by the next in rotation, and proceeds with all speed to the office of the paper to which he is attached, and where he furnishes a report of what he has heard, on small slips of paper, which are handed to the printer as they are successively completed. When the debate is prolonged until a late hour, the time for each reporter to remain at his post, in the gallery of the house, is considerably shortened; and by this arrangement, debates which have not concluded before three or four o'clock in the morning, have been put into type, the errors of the press corrected, a very large number of impressions struck off, and the newspapers containing the report have been on their way to the most distant parts of the kingdom, within two or three hours of the close of the parliamentary sitting. One inconvenience, indeed, attends this method of reporting—and that is sometimes no inconsiderable one,—namely, that different portions of the speech of an individual are frequently taken down by reporters of various degrees of ability, or using a different style of composition; and from these circumstances justice will not be done to the orator. But considering the extreme haste with which the whole matter is performed, considering also the impracticability of allowing the reporter to look over or revise his manuscript, after he has once completed it, it must be admitted that indulgence ought to be readily conceded to trifling inaccuracies when they occur.

As connected with this part of our subject, we may here relate a curious instance of facility in newspaper composition, which we learned from an eye-witness of the fact. The late Mr. Radcliffe (husband of the well-known authoress of several popular works of fiction,) was for some time editor and one of the proprietors of the *Morning Herald*. While so occupied, it was no uncommon occurrence with that gentleman to enter the printing-room after he had been listening to the parliamentary debates of the evening; and without the aid of pen, ink, or paper, to dictate to his workmen two distinct editorial articles, upon different points of the debate which had taken his attention, resuming the thread of each when the printer had arranged the types for the sentence previously furnished. Something not altogether dissimilar has been recently stated of Sir Walter Scott, who is said to have occasionally carried on two works at the same time, and to have declared that he found relief in penning a few pages of each alternately,—although he would proceed from one to the other without any intervening period of time.

We must now proceed to relate the manner in which the vast body of print contained in a London morning journal is put together within so short a space of time; and the truly-wonderful expedition

with which copies are multiplied to so great an extent as they now are.

The way in which manual labour is employed in producing this result, is scarcely less surprising than the part which machinery performs in it. The quantity of labour required from the compositor, (the person who arranges the types is so called,) in a single night, is frequently equal to what a foreign printer would consider a laborious task for a week. At periods of the evening, varying from four to nine o'clock, the printers of a morning newspaper commence their labours, and these continue, without intermission, until four, five, six, or even later, in the morning, according as the late arrival of intelligence, a double-sized number, or other circumstances may require; and in that interval of time, each individual will, upon occasion, pick up and place in their proper position, from 15,000 to 20,000 separate pieces of metal! For the leading journals, these workmen are generally from thirty to forty in number; and by a very humane and proper regulation, no person is allowed to engage in this most unhealthy occupation until after he has attained the age of twenty-one years. In addition to these "compositors," one or two persons are employed to mark, in the proof columns, the errors into which the compositors may have fallen; and finally, the overseer, (or head-printer,) arranges the whole into a perfect sheet, partly from the instructions of the editor, and partly guided by his own taste, or a settled method of placing the various contents of the journal.

When this process is complete, the sheet of metal is placed under the revolving cylinders of the printing-machine, and perfect newspapers are produced at the astonishing rate, in some instances, of four or five thousand copies per hour! For this truly surprising expedition, we are indebted to the application of steam machinery to the art of printing. Formerly, when newspapers had to be struck off by the aid of manual labour at the common printing-press, an impassable boundary was fixed, both to the size, and to the number circulated, of a daily journal. The utmost that could be then accomplished was to produce about three hundred copies per hour: so that to produce 22,000 impressions of a single journal, (as the *Times* has done upon particular occasions,) would have occupied seventy-three hours,—in other words, supposing the presses to have been kept worked night and day without ceasing, the newspaper must have been three days old before some of the subscribers could have obtained it, and in the mean time, its regular daily production must of necessity have been interrupted. It may be answered, however, that this difficulty would have admitted of easy remedy, by the establishment of an additional number of newspapers as the demand for them increased; and, doubtless, such would have been the remedy, had not human ingenuity supplied another; but how would this have operated? Compare the newspaper of only twenty years back with that of the present day, and you will, at a glance, perceive the immense advantages you have derived from the concentration of capital to a mighty project, instead of its diffusion amongst a number of minor undertakings. The entire expenses of any one of the leading daily newspapers published in London at the present time, are not less than three hundred pounds per week, (probably in some cases they exceed that sum,) and it is a self-evident proposition, that it would be utterly impossible to encounter this outlay, if the advertisements and circulation of those journals were divided into six or eight separate portions. So small is the profit derived from the mere sale of a newspaper, that

a circulation of 48,000 copies would barely defray the current expenses of a journal such as we have under consideration: it is to the *advertisements* that the newspaper-capitalist looks for a return of the immense sums he is called upon to expend.

A few additional statistical particulars of the mechanical department of a newspaper may serve to amuse the general reader. The contents of a single number of the *Times* (composed of about three hundred thousand separate pieces of metal) would form an octavo volume of nearly three hundred pages, if printed in the type usually employed for book-printing; and which few booksellers, we believe, would undertake to produce in a less period than three or four weeks.

But we will illustrate, in another manner, the extent of our obligations,—first, to the art of printing; and further, to the improvements which have been added thereto by the aid of steam-machinery. The twenty-four columns of a daily newspaper contain nearly six thousand lines. Each of these lines would form a tolerably-broad line of manuscript; and it therefore follows, that to write out a single number of one of these papers, would occupy an individual (writing for twelve hours each day, at the rate of one hundred lines per hour) five days. But let us consider what space of time it would occupy to produce the same number of copies of that paper, as the *Times*, for instance, publishes *per diem*. Taking that number at 10,000, and allowing forty individuals to be engaged on the task, (the same number, be it remembered, that we have stated above, are employed in the mechanical part of its production,) it would actually occupy these forty individuals *four years and two days* to produce a single day's impression of that paper, which we are in the daily habit of receiving; and of which ten thousand copies are now obtained in the space of ten or twelve hours!

These calculations may appear to be rather curious than useful: we have sometimes heard comparative statistics stigmatized as altogether useless; but do not such statements lead us to reflect upon the superior advantages we possess over former generations? And do they not serve to show what may be accomplished by an industrious and persevering application of those powers which a beneficent and gracious Providence has vouchsafed to mankind? If, then, they do no more than this, surely they cannot be deemed altogether useless. But further than this, they must surely suggest to those who are engaged in such labours the moral obligation they are under to keep in view the great object of conveying *wholesome* food to the mind of the reader, instead of circulating so much *poison*; of promoting everything that is "lovely and of good report," instead of gratuitously offending against delicacy, wounding the feelings of individuals, or implying a sarcasm on our holy Religion.

[To be continued.]

GRATITUDE TO GOD.—To consider whatever instances of happiness which fall to our lot, as proceeding from the greatest and best of Beings, and to feel our hearts expand with gratitude, and our hopes repose with confidence on His paternal care, excites such sentiments as those, who never look beyond second causes, can never conceive.—CARTER.

Nor to feel misfortunes is not the part of a mortal, but not to bear them is unbecoming a man.—CICERO.

LET no man be deceived as if the contagions of the soul were less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they convey more direful diseases; they sink deeper, and creep on more unsuspectedly.—PETRARCH.

## ON SELF-TORMENTORS.

WE occasionally fall in the way of persons, who, though surrounded with many advantages which might be made available for their comfort and prosperity, are in the habit of complaining, that "everything goes wrong" with them; while it may be truly said of another, that "whatsoever he doeth it prospers." This striking difference is generally to be accounted for, not by the doctrine of what is called chance, but by a reference to the temper and character of the respective parties.

Imprudence, or ill-temper, for instance, will either mar the success of any project, or present it in a distorted and unfavourable aspect. How often may the repeated crosses some men encounter in the course of a single day, be traced to the *first* annoyance, which is permitted to gain an ascendancy over their minds in the morning, and is apt to give a disagreeable tinge to subsequent events. And this effect is heightened in proportion as their own asperity, or want of circumspection, may have occasioned the mischief.

There is an anecdote to the point told in the life of Swift, who, through life, considered himself a disappointed man, and who was certainly never distinguished either for steadfastness, or gentleness of disposition. He used to relate, that, when a little boy, he once went a fishing,—that he felt a great fish at the end of his line, which he drew almost to the land—but it dropped in,—and that the disappointment which he then experienced, and which long continued to vex him, he considered a type of all his future mishaps!

Untoward accidents occur to all; but to the careless they come the oftenest, and to the angry they appear beyond their natural size; while, on the other hand, that "prudent simplicity" of character, which it is the province of our holy religion to impart,—a becoming and rational cheerfulness, under the discipline of a religious and moral training, if it does not avert troubles, will, under God's blessing, either bring a man out of them all, or materially lighten their pressure.

The above train of thought has been suggested by the perusal of a remarkable letter addressed by a late Baronet to Admiral Dalrymple, his relation, and printed in NICHOLS'S *Illustrations of Literary History*. The composition would be altogether comic, if it were not for some true but melancholy touches which it exhibits, of "poor human nature."

You ask me what I have been doing? To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows:

Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves. I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in Summer. But now that Winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again that it cost me to take them down. I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall to throw the passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it: the wind blew out the candle from the over-size of the room; upon which I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of Summer.

I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen for every tree they cut destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. The carpenter cut off his thumb in felling a tree. Upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me of twenty per cent.

Remembering with pleasure the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pig. My wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, Lord A. Gordon, who distressed them for damage; and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage. Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more; she learned

the way to market for their produce; and I have never got a bowl of cream since.

I made a fine hay-stack; but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay, and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire; by which I had the double mortification of losing my hay, and finding my wife had more sense than myself.

I kept no plough, for which I am thankful, because then I must have written this letter from a gaol. I paid £20. for a dung-hill, because I was told it was a good thing; and now I would give anybody twenty shillings to tell me what to do with it.

I built and stocked a pigeon-house; but the cats watched below, the hawks hovered above; and pigeon-soup, roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon-pie, have I never seen since.

I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house; but I hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house; by which I can get no water for my victuals.

I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm. But when I went to take off the ground, he laughed, said he had choused the lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits for breach of bargains which I could not perform.

I fattened black cattle and sheep; but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere economy, we ate them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits.

I bought two score of six-year-old wethers for my own table; but a butcher who rented one of the fields, put my mark upon his own carrion sheep; by which I have been living upon carrion all the Summer.

I brewed much beer; but the small turned sour, and the servants drank all the strong.

In one thing only I have succeeded; I have quarrelled with all my neighbours; so that with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk alone like a lion in a desert.

I thought I should have been happy with my tenants, because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me. But they paid me no rent; and in a few days I shall have one half of the very few friends I have in the county in a prison.

Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending a Spring in London, where, I am happy to hear, we are to meet. Just as I was going to you last Spring, I received a letter from Bess that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found madam in perfectly good health.

Yours always, my dear Jack,

J. DALRYMPLE.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CHINESE. No. IV.

### STATE OF EDUCATION.

THE condition of China, with its 360,000,000 of inhabitants, composing almost one half of the known population of the globe,—its peculiarities of manners, customs, education, government, and religion, and its acknowledged antiquity, has, until recently, been shut out from the observation of other nations, by a policy which to us seems as strange, as to them it has been regarded indispensable. But a great change is at length beginning to take place; many now find means to visit this hitherto secluded country; and some have even penetrated into the interior; and not only the manners, customs, and religion of the people, but even their modes and processes of education, are thus beginning to be more thoroughly understood than formerly. The mystic spell which shut out China from the world is fast dissolving, and the light of Gospel truth begins to break on her people. The *Chinese Repository* contains an able article on the character of education in that country, both in ancient and modern times; with remarks, reflections, and comparisons on its tendency and effects, and many valuable suggestions in regard to its improvement, from which we give some interesting extracts.

Education among the Chinese, from time immemorial held in high esteem, has always exerted a dominant influence on the manners, habits, and policy of the nation. According to native historians, the earliest monarchs of the empire were at once both the inventors and protectors of the arts and sciences; they regarded the whole world as one family, and themselves as placed at the head of it; and they made ample provision for the advancement of literature, and for the promotion of education, in all its departments. Families had their schools; villages their academies; districts their colleges; and the nation her university: and, consequently, no individual in the empire was left uninstructed. The advantages of their seats of learning were open to all, and no one failed to improve them. Great was the number of pupils, and the instruction of their masters was complete. The principles of right reason were fully explained, and the rules of decorum were clearly defined. There was no excess; and nothing was deficient or defective. All things were harmonized by the music of the spheres; the winds blew gently; genial showers descended in their season; the nation was at peace; and all the multitudes of the people were contented and happy. The heavens, the earth, and the sages, formed the three great powers, which united their influence to promote the welfare of the human family. The heavens produced men; the earth nourished them; and the sages were their instructors. There were no evils then to disturb the repose of mankind; no guilt nor crime to mar their happiness. Temperance and rectitude, health and beauty, joy and gladness, were seen on every side. The earth bloomed as the garden of paradise. The emperor, the son of heaven, at ease and secure from every danger, rambled on the highways; and the old men accompanied him with instruments of music and with songs. And all the inhabitants of the world went joyfully to their labours, and as they went they sung:

*Jeih chuh, urh ts*

*Jeih juh, urh seih*

*Tso tsing, urh yin;*

*Kang teen, urh sheih;*

*Te leih, ho yew yu wo tsae!*

The sun comes forth, and we work;

The sun goes down, and we rest;

We dig wells, and we drink;

We plant fields, and we eat;

The emperor's power, what is that to us!

So perfect, so complete, were the emperor's laws and example, that each subject knew his proper sphere, and moved in it; and to govern the world was as easy as to turn the finger in the palm of the hand. How splendid! How glorious! Discoveries of everything necessary to supply the growing wants of society were made in quick succession; and the nation, as if impelled by some invisible power, ascended rapidly to the pinnacle of glory and of perfection. In literature, arts, and sciences, models were formed every way complete; and these were stereotyped, that they might serve as guides to all future generations.

The Chinese, it is well known, have long been possessed of the art of communicating ideas. Little progress, indeed, can ever be made in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, without writing and printing, but both have long been understood, to a certain extent, in China. Of the importance which was attached to the discovery of a written medium of communication, and of its early progress, we may perhaps judge with considerable accuracy from the following fable, found in the introduction to Dr. Morrison's *Chinese Dictionary*. It refers, in its commencement, to the period or crisis at which the discovery of letters was first announced.

The heavens, the earth, and the gods were all agitated. The inhabitants of *hades* wept at night; and the heavens, as an expression of joy, rained down ripe grain. From the invention of writing, the machinations of the human heart began to operate; stories false and erroneous daily increased; litigations and imprisonments sprang up; hence, also, specious and artful language, which causes so much confusion in the world. It was for these reasons that the shades of the departed wept at night. But from the invention of writing, polite intercourse and music proceeded; reason and justice were made manifest; the relations of social life were illustrated; and laws became fixed. Governments had rules to refer to; scholars had authorities to venerate.



rate; and hence, the heavens, delighted, rained down ripe grain. The classical scholar, the historian, the mathematician, and the astronomer, can none of them do without writing: were there no written language to afford proof of passing events, the shades might weep at noon-day, and the heavens rain down blood.

In modern times, improvements in the Chinese language have been few and unimportant. Perhaps we ought to say that it has deteriorated, since its difficulties have been greatly increased by the addition of many arbitrary and complicated characters. It has beauties and excellencies, and is capable of conveying thought with great precision and force. Still, the number and variety of the characters of the language are so great, that very much time must be occupied in merely learning their sounds and forms; this points to the necessity of either simplifying the existing language, or of adopting another in its stead. The experiment which is now making in India, to express the various languages and dialects of that country in the Roman character, will eventually, we doubt not, be adopted in China. A great deal more time is required for a youth to learn to read the Chinese language, than is required to gain the same knowledge of any of the languages of Europe; or than would be required for the Chinese, if it were expressed in a more simple character. Perhaps one half of the time might be saved; or if the child was allowed to be at school the same number of years as now, he would be able to make double the proficiency.

The origin of the science of astronomy,—a science which at a very early period in the history of the world attained a high degree of perfection in many eastern countries,—together with its progress, ancient and modern, is thus described:

Astronomy began to be cultivated by the Chinese soon after they reached the country which they now inhabit. The courses of the sun, moon, and stars were carefully observed and marked down. In process of time, a mathematical board was appointed, for the purpose of observing and recording all the extraordinary phenomena of the heavens. Time was measured by the clepsydra. The passage of the stars on the meridian, the shadow of the gnomon at the solstices, and so forth, were all carefully noticed, and to aid in these pursuits, astronomical instruments were invented. The science was speedily carried to a great degree of perfection; and astronomy was made the basis of state rites and ceremonies. Hence the celestial empire is an exact representation of the heavens, where all is perfect order and unclouded glory. In modern times, however, the history of astronomy in China is almost a perfect blank.

The account of the Chinese knowledge of geography, ancient and modern, is equally interesting,—perhaps more so.

In ancient times, geography was also cultivated among the Chinese. The ancient monarch Yu, "of glorious memory," after he had drained the waters of the deluge, and divided all within the four seas into nine grand departments, and these again into seventeen hundred and seventy-three kingdoms, caused their boundaries, with all their subdivisions and statistical details, to be delineated on nine large vases, appropriating one vase to each of the grand departments. By this simple process, the boundaries of the kingdoms and of the nations of the empire became fixed and permanent as the everlasting hills. And all beyond these were regarded as "outside nations," remote, and uncivilized, which ought to be separated and "cut off" from those who occupied the central and flowery land.

In later times, which come more clearly within the limits of authentic history, we find the Chinese ignorant of the first principles of geography, determining the position of places by means of divination. This was their practice during the reign of the Chow dynasty, which fell more than two hundred years before the Christian era. Under the Han dynasty, several geographical works were prepared; but all of these must have been very defective and inaccurate. When the Mongols overran China, they brought in their train many scientific men, who made extensive and accurate surveys. These men came from Balkh, Samarcand, Bukharia, Persia, Arabia, and Constantinople, and by their aid some of the Chinese became familiar with the true principles of the science. More recently, they derived additional information from the Jesuits.

Vocal music had obtained, at very early periods of the Chinese history, a high share of attention.

In ancient times, the Chinese placed a very high value on the art of music; and even in the degenerate ages of modern dynasties it has not failed to receive a due share of attention. According to the notions of the Chinese, the knowledge of sounds is so closely connected with the science of government, that those only who understand the science of music are fit to perform the duties of rulers. Viewed in this light, it has always been deemed worthy of the patronage of the imperial government, which has appointed and maintained masters for the sole purpose of supporting and improving the "national airs." Confucius, on one occasion, was so ravished with the sounds of music, that for three months he never perceived the relish of food, declaring, "I did not conceive that music could attain such perfection as this."

About the commencement of the Christian era, according to a native historian, the use of really good music was abolished, and that of elegant music was introduced in its stead. In more recent times, the forms and the names of music have been continued; and this is nearly all that has been done.

In contemplating the interesting fact that vast multitudes of the Chinese people are able to read and write, it is often forgotten that vast multitudes also are left wholly uneducated, surrounded with everything that is calculated to debase and destroy the best feelings of the human heart. Admitting that only one-half of the inhabitants of the Chinese empire are educated, and we do not think the number is greater than this, nine-tenths of the females will probably be found among the uneducated. Now it is chiefly among these, in the capacity of mothers, nurses, and servants, that *all* the children of the nation are trained during the first and most important period of their lives. At that very time when children require special care and watchfulness, and when they are utterly unable to be their own guardians, almost wholly incapable of distinguishing between what is right and what is wrong, they are placed under the tuition of the most ignorant and vicious persons in the community. It has been said with great truth in regard to Christian lands, that "we often consign infants to the feeding of those to whose care and skill we should hardly be willing to intrust a calf; and the consequence is well known." In China this evil is carried to a much greater extent than it is in the West.

If those who have the care of children only keep them from crying, and prevent their heads and arms from being broken, "they are excellent servants," "charming nurses;" while perhaps at the same time they are filling the minds of their infant charge with the basest thoughts, and corrupting their imaginations by the rehearsal of stories, and the performance of acts of the foulest character. The injury which is done in this way is incalculable. By neglecting to educate females, and to take proper care of children in the first years of their lives, the foundations of society are corrupted, and the way is prepared for all those domestic, social, and political evils, with which the land is filled.

The only proper object of education is to prepare men for the performance of their duties as intelligent, social, and moral beings, destined to an eternal state beyond that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." The whole man, therefore, physical, intellectual, and moral, should be carefully trained for those high relations for which he is created. Some of these relations, it is true, are acknowledged by the Chinese; others, however, and those too of the greatest importance, are denied; and consequently some of the noblest purposes of education are neither enjoyed nor recognised by the people of this country. Many of the youth are carefully instructed in those ceremonies which regard mere external deportment; and a large majority of boys, above the age of seven or eight years, are taught to read and write; and a few are made acquainted with the laws and history of their country. Anything beyond this is seldom attempted. The history and geography of the world, the various branches of the exact and natural sciences, and the polite and liberal arts, are utterly neglected.

Moreover, by throwing off all allegiance to an omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent Deity, and substituting false gods instead of the high and lofty One, the religious systems of the Chinese are decidedly opposed to correct education, and the diffusion of truth and knowledge. We doubt the correctness of those views which represent the ancient inhabitants of the empire as making great proficiency in learning; nor does it appear true that the

government has ever employed ample means for the promotion of education. Schools there have been, both in ancient and modern times; and volumes might be filled with the records of those schools; yet they have never afforded those aids which are requisite to educate the whole, or one half of the youth of the nation.

We do not, we think, exaggerate the defects of education among the Chinese. In regard to its extent, purposes, means, and results, it is very far from supplying the wants and necessities of the nation. In no one particular is it complete; in no one essential point is it even half what it ought to be; while in many respects it is utterly wanting. All the children of the empire it leaves neglected until they are seven or eight years of age: one-half of the whole population, including nine-tenths of the females, it leaves neglected through life; and those to whom it does afford aid, it gives but a faint and glimmering light.

The politico-moral system of their sages has been in operation thousands of years, and it is now acknowledged by all parties that the morals of the nation are, and for a long time have been, growing worse and worse. This is a natural and unavoidable consequence of a system essentially defective. In moral excellence, China never has stood high, and while the present order of things continues, the nation never can rise far, if at all, above the point which it now occupies.

#### THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;

For often, at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

WOODWORTH.

#### GALL-NUTS AND THE GALL-INSECT.

THE excrescences we so often see on the leaves of different trees, in particular on those of the willow and the oak, are the productions of several species of insects. Some of these excrescences have a single cavity within, in which several insects live together; others have a number of small cells, with communications between them; others again have numerous distinct cavities. These productions are of various sizes, form, and consistence, some being spongy, and others, like the Gall-nut, extremely hard. All these apparently monstrous productions are occasioned by the puncture of insects when depositing their eggs.

The ancient opinion concerning animals found in these receptacles was, that they were spontaneously

produced from rotten wood. Afterwards it was believed that the roots of plants had the power of sucking up with the sap the eggs of insects, and that these were animated as soon as they arrived in a proper situation.

There are many different kinds of insects that form these excrescences, but they are most commonly formed by the different species of *cynips*, a fly belonging to the order *hymenoptera* (the hymenopterous insects have four wings, those on each side so nearly united as to cause the two to appear like a single wing.) The *cynips* that attacks the oak is of a burnished black colour, with black antennæ and chestnut-brown legs and feet; the wings are white.

Like others of the genus, the female pierces a branch, and deposits an egg in the interior, around which, in the course of a few days, an excrescence is thrown out, affording nourishment to the young insect, and protecting it from external injury. This insect undergoes the same changes as all the rest of its class, being first a maggot, then a chrysalis, and, finally, a winged creature. As soon as it has passed through all these changes, it breaks through its prison-walls, and comes into the open air.

The gall-nuts of commerce are produced from a species of oak (*Quercus infectoria*), which seldom attains a greater height than four or five feet, with numerous straggling branches; it is a native of Syria and Asia Minor.



QUERCUS INFECTORIA.

Gall-nuts are extremely useful in medicine, but the greatest consumption of them is in the manufacture of ink. They are imported from Smyrna and other places in the Levant, especially from Aleppo. The Aleppo nuts are considered the best, and are of two sorts, the white and the blue. The first are gathered after the insect has left its cell, and the blue before the fly has perfected its changes; these last are considered the best, as they contain a greater quantity of astringent matter.

For the purpose of making ink, bruised oak-galls are added to a solution of green vitriol, (*sulphate of iron*), the astringent principle of the galls separating the iron from the sulphuric acid, and throwing it down in the form of a black powder. If ink was made without gum-arabic, or some such material, this black powder would separate from the liquid, and fall to the bottom of the vessel that contained it.